

Sunday Oct. 8, 1944

Dearest;

We just sail on and on endlessly. I don't think we'll ever stop but I hope we do soon. Not only am I anxious to get on land but I am much more anxious to just arrive somewhere where I can receive letters from you. That's more important than anything and don't ever doubt that sweetheart. I imagine you know what I'm talking about by now. I love you my Darling; always.

They just gave our morale a boost tonight by feeding us a turkey supper. It was really quite good and quite unexpected. Practically all the trimmings went with it, Ice cream, creamed carrots, ~~and~~ gilet gravy and boiled potato, and even a salad. It was quite sublime and yet something was lacking. I think it was looking across the table and seeing a soldier across from me. You should have been there instead. Then the meal would have been complete. I even think I could enjoy a trip like this on a luxury liner with a nice stateroom and deck chair, with you there to share it. Enjoy it or at least endure it.

Never have I disliked my fellow men so much as I do now. I am absolutely sick and tired of seeing soldiers. Just think, I'll probably have to get used to it though because I'll probably see an awful lot of them from now on until the end of this damned war. At least on land I'll be able to take a walk and get away from them whenever the desire possesses me. Tempers are quite frayed and quite short. I

am afraid I'll get my head chewed off if I merely brush up against someone. I can understand now what they mean when they say that in the Arctic where men have to spend most of their time in close contact with one another in Russian huts the men finally grow to hate one another. Perhaps this is all part of a scheme to get us all fighting mad.

I did some sketches for the next issue of the ship paper. They are using a take off on the cover of each of four magazine covers as the heading for each page. I did The New Yorker, Life, and Esquire. It didn't take much time and did give me something to do. Tomorrow I'll finish cutting the stencils for them and will then retire to the task of showering and reading another book.

Oh, yes! I meant to tell you in yesterday's letter that I did not forget your dental appointment yesterday and I walked around properly sympathetic all the day long. I do hope it didn't hurt too much Honey. It's just as well that you had it done now rather than waiting until later because now it won't interfere with anything we might want to do at a later date when we're together again. You do agree don't you? Will not want to waste a single minute of our time together on such trivial things as tooth extractions.

Tuesday, October 10, 1944

I wasn't able to finish this letter yesterday because I had to rush off to find myself a seat and it got

Today I went right to work on my stencil cutting for the newspaper and got it all done. Then I wasted an afternoon trying to sketch one of the officers. He wanted a photographic likeness and I really sweat it out doing the sketch over three times to get it just right. When I finally did finish it, getting a damned good likeness incidentally, he looked at it and I could easily tell that he wasn't very enthused about it. He told me to put the finishing touches to it as he had to go and that he would see me ~~tomorrow~~ tomorrow about it. He just got my goat because I did put in a lot of time and did a good job. I am through catering to whims and from now on I just do the small pencil sketches that I did before. To hell with any special favors. See, Darling, my blood is boiling.

Just think, next Sunday is my second anniversary in the Army—two too many. Two very mis-spent years. Of all that time the last five months I spent in Lansing was the only profitable time. I suppose I could charge off the rest of the time to the cost of meeting you. When I look at it in that way it is well worth it. I just pray that I don't add two more anniversaries to these two. That would be bad. I tell you what though. I'll bet you a kiss that I'll celebrate my 25<sup>th</sup> birthday ~~and~~ married to you. That's March 11<sup>th</sup> 1946. Is it a bet? O. K. My most immediate hope is that I spend this second anniversary on dry land with Arthur.



We sighted a school of porpoises today. They just swam all over the place. They were quite a welcome sight and relieved the monotony of looking at the ocean. They did cheer me up considerably. Something else which I enjoy watching are the phosphorescent fish. I don't know why unless it's because they remind me of fireflies and fireflies remind me of home and of being with you. It seems queer to see these balls of light float past in the water. They also come out of the salt water taps. Little ones of course, but if it's dark in the latrine - excuse me it's the "head", and the water is run in the wash bowls, these little bits of phosphorescent light appear. Quite strange.

Some fellow puts on a radio program for us every day or two right here on shipboard. He is quite good and puts on a good show. One of the gaps he pulled off was a fake interview with an officer leaning on the rail.

Interviewer: "Pardon me, sir, but is your stomach weak?"

Officer: "Hell no. I'm heaving as far as anyone."

It just struck me funny. Another one was on today. It ~~was~~ was the story of a little boy who was late for school and was asked for his excuse:

Johnny: "I had to take our cow over to have it bred."

Teacher: "Couldn't your father do that?"

Johnny: "Yesir, but the bull does it better."

Ich! Ich! What am thinking of. Telling you such things. And at your age too. I'm a bad boy. I hope you don't tell your parents on me.



Gosh, you're looking very beautiful today. So nice and fresh and rosy cheeked. Your eyes are really deep blue today and match the sky perfectly. Stay just that lovely for me won't you sweetheart. Wait until I'm with you & you'll even more lovely. If you did grow any more lovelier before then it would be just too much for me alone time. You always did seem more beautiful every time I saw you you know. It's something just like my loving you. ~~I~~ I think that you are as beautiful as you can possibly be and that I love you as much as I possibly can and yet I go on loving you more every day and you look more beautiful day by day. If I didn't know better I'd swear I was head over heels in love with you. Perhaps I am. Do you think so Sweet.

I am and always will be

Yours Alone,  
Freddy